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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The publication of Mr. Roscoe's valuable and entertaining work upon the kings of England has induced us to present our readers with a portrait of the Norman king. Mr. Roscoe's life of this monarch is a most excellent and admirable production. We see the soldier, the statesman, and the man, which last is generally the very last phase in which renowned names appear before us. How Edward willed the crown of England to William of Normandy; how he treacherously made Harold support his claim by an oath; how, when Edward died, Harold ascended the throne; and how the Norman duke took measures to vindicate his claim; how he landed with a large force, fought and gained the battle of Hastings, in which Harold was killed—are matters familiar to every school-boy. The

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following character, however, from the Saxon Chronicle, will be found interesting:

"He was a very wise man and very rich, and more splendid and stronger than any of his predecessors were. He was mild to the good men who loved God, and beyond all measure severe to the men that gainsayed his will. So stern was he and wrathful, that one durst not do anything against his will. In his time had men much distress and very many sorrows. Castles he let men build, and miserably tried the poor. The king was very stern, and took from his subjects many a mark of gold and many hundred pounds of silver, that he took with right and great unright from his people for little need. He was fallen into covetousness, and greediness he loved withal. He made great deer parks, and therewith made laws that whoso killed a

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hart or a hind, that man should be blinded. He forbade the harts, as also the boars; he loved the tall deer as if he were their father." From this it appears, what was the truth, that he was an imperious tyrant, with no merit save ability to recommend him. We again recommend our readers to procure Mr. Roscoe's admirable volumes,

A NIGHT AMONG THE ISLATAS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

[From the Illuminated Magazine.]

The Rio Grande del Norte, or Great River of the North, is the south-eastern boundary between the republic of Texas and that of Mexico; and it was while out upon one of the many half-military, half-naval expeditions, which are incident to the service of the former government, that I had an opportunity of seeing the famous Rio Bravo—concerning which I had read and heard so much. It was in the fall of 1842, when, in company with some fifty good Texans, whose intention it was to lie hid, subsisting on hunting until the main body of the expedition fitted out against Matamoros arrived, that I camped out upon the borders of this great river at some distance below Dolores. We took up our position in the centre of a woody district of rather mingled prairie and thicket, which afforded excellent pasture for our horses, and rendered our concealment a matter of comparative ease, while deer, buffalo, and turkeys, with now and then a stray ox or cow, gave us nourishment ample and satisfactory.

Few scenes could be imagined more picturesque than the encampment of this Texan predatory company. The spot selected to pitch our tents, or rather erect our huts, since wigwams composed of the boughs of trees were our habitations, was a narrow little valley, at one end completely choked up by a dense thicket, almost as entangled and impassable as those of the Terra del Fuego. On the northern side of the vale was our line of huts, while in the bottom, and on the southern slope, our horses were carefully hopped, in order that none of these tamed mustangs might seek to join their wild brethren, which on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande exist in vast droves. On the highest point of the little hill, at the foot of which were our habitations, beneath the shelter of a musquet bush, was posted a sentinel, to give timely notice of the approach either of friend or foe. With the exception of this man and some half dozen indefatigable hunters, no man did scarcely anything but eat, drink, smoke, and sleep. Here might be seen, lounging over a game of cards, a

small party of light-hearted Frenchmen, here a grave couple of Dutchmen hammering away at rounce, there the active Yankee and graver Englishmen disputing hotly as to the relative merits of their two native countries, subjects concerning which the two former sets were so well satisfied as not to deign argument. Immense meals, at which more meat, unaccompanied by bread or vegetable of any kind, was consumed, than an English commissariat department would have judged necessary for six times the number, were the chief varieties in the course of the day; though now and then a false alarm would set all on foot, when the languor of inaction disappeared in an instant, nations were forgotten (we were all Texans), muskets and rifles clutched, and the reckless daring and bold front which have ever characterised the war-parties of the young republic, was instantly manifest. Once satisfied that we had been deceived, and all sank into its primitive quiet.

It was on the fifth day of our sojourn in these wilds, after much weary time had been spent in waiting for the expected force, that Captain Karnes, our captain—I being a volunteer from the naval force—proposed a day's fishing on the river, a canoe having been in the said time duly fabricated and prepared for use. I accepted the proffered invitation with much alacrity, as I was peculiarly anxious to see all that could be seen of the river; and entertaining, as I and all my comrades did, very serious doubts whether the five hundred men under General Burleson would ever arrive. I thought the present as excellent an opportunity as any that could present itself, especially as Captain Karnes, having been "out west" for several years in succession, knew the whole district better than any man I ever met while in this part of Texas. Having provided ourselves with fishing tackle, provisions, and a poncho or Mexican blanket a piece, not forgetting our rifles and ample ammunition in case of need, we walked down to our canoe, which lay in a narrow bayou communicating with the Rio Grande. It was from this spot that we took our water; and lower down, between this stream and a larger creek above, were numerous haunts of the deer, so that our hunters had no great distance to travel, a circumstance which to your true Texan is always of vast moment. Why it is, I will not attempt to explain, but laziness and a love for listless inaction are indigenous in this land, and communicate their influence rapidly to all new comers.

Captain Karnes, as guide and cicerone, sat down in the stern sheets and assumed the paddle, which he used with singular alacrity and ease, bringing us in a very

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few minutes from beneath the shade of the trees which lined the bayou, into the broad muddy stream of the great river, here about one hundred and fifty yards across. Upon emerging thus suddenly from the gloom of the thickly-timbered grove which overshadows the creek, to the broad sheet of open water, I could not refrain from expressing a cry of delight. There was something noble and imposing in the sight of this magnificent but silent highway, especially when one reflects on the vast numerical force of Indians which inhabited its banks, when, in the days of Cortez's successor, a daring priest performed a journey up that river,—Indians now scattered, destroyed, forgotten.

The Rio Grande del Norte, taking its rise near the sources of the Western Colorado, which flows into the Gulf of California, has an estimated course of eighteen hundred miles, with but few tributaries, of which however one is in itself a vastly important stream—the Puerco, about five hundred miles in length, running parallel to the Rio Grande for nearly its whole length, at a distance of about five and twenty leagues. The two conjoined then seek an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico, where the Rio Grande is about three hundred yards across, that is, before its mixture with salt water makes it a portion of the sea. From thence up to Loredo, a town two hundred miles from the embouchure, its flow is somewhat dull, the stream being deep and smooth. Not so, however, in the part on which we had entered it; here were rapids, shallows, rocks peering above water, with here deep, there scant water—now a still, quiet spot, and there a current almost sufficient to swamp our frail bark canoe.

No sooner had we pushed into the centre of the stream, and were drifting rapidly by the mere force of the water, than Captain Karnes took occasion to remark, that it was in certain deep pools, on the edge of what is called the first ledge of rocks, that we should find fish and there indeed in an abundance amply sufficient to repay our day's journey. I nodded assent, and gazed curiously at the precipitous banks, the scanty timber, and the noble width of this remote and little-visited river, which doubtless some day, when cleared and improved, will be navigated up to Sante Fé, that most extraordinary and important of the American caravan marts, and the object of the most unfortunate of Texan military expeditions. A somewhat unusually rapid motion of our little canoe drew my attention more immediately to our own position; after rounding a point, and leaving behind us a long and noble reach, we had come suddenly upon the ledge in question, which Karnes informed

me crossed the whole river in an oblique direction, from bank to bank, causing at a very low ebb a slight fall, and having on it, at the present moment, about ten or eleven inches of water. It is proposed to cut a channel through this at the western point; but of course very considerable changes in the affairs of Texas must take place ere such things be, though nothing could more tend to strengthen peace than making this river to Texas and New Mexico, what the Thames is to England, the Mississippi to Louisiana and the interior states, and the Ganges and Indus to our Indian empire. A log, or "snag," as wood protruding above the water's edge is familiarly called in Texas, rose about the middle of the ledge, and to this Karnes fastened the canoe by its slight painter, and then stepping out upon the rock, proceeded to business. I had a red fish line, while he, aiming only at croakers, and such small fry as were abundant, had tackle of various size and character, which he made fast in different positions along the edge of deep water, while I remained quiet in the canoe, waiting until he should capture a fish suitable for bait, and spending the interval in examining the features of the scene. Above I could see but little, since we were just past a curve in the river, which here presented rather the appearance of a lake into which a kind of narrow promontory run from the west, than of a huge stream which had already run some sixteen hundred miles. This point was loosely covered with trees, amid the boughs of which myriads of birds sang and disported themselves. A rapid motion of the water, with here and there a bubble or a sheet of foam, marked the edge of the ledge, while below, the Rio Grande, at the distance of some half mile or less, appeared to divide and lose itself in numerous narrow and intricate channels, its character of a great river being entirely destroyed to the eye of the cursory observer. Nothing, however, can be conceived more picturesque than the wooded islands which caused this change in the outward guise of the old Rio Bravo, or Rio Grande del Norte, as it is indifferently called.

But Captain Karnes having furnished me with bait, I occupied myself in endeavouring to tempt one of the huge red fish so plentiful in all Mexican rivers to swallow my hook, which was none of the smallest. It was however in vain, for while my companion was rapidly loading the canoe with the result of his piscatory labours, I sat, the representative of patience, getting not even a bite for my pains. It was plain the monsters of the deep were too wide awake by half, and by no means to be caught napping thereabouts; thinking, however, that perchance the locality

was unpropitious, I also stepped out upon the rock, being then not up to my knees; and walking towards the shore, cast my line into a pool which appeared stiller and less influenced by the current, than any I had previously happened on. A nibble, a gorge, a fierce tugging at my strong and sound tackle was the almost instant reward of my change of position; and paying out line as fast as the animal would take it, I soon had him pulling with desperate and not despicable strength at my right wrist, around which a loop, according to custom, was fastened, rendering it necessary for your victim to break the cord or be taken. Turning my back upon the animal and making for the bank, I ran as fast as possible towards the shore, which gained, I transferred the loop to a stump, and pulling in my line, was speedily in possession of a fine red fish, weighing not less than five and twenty pounds. Somewhat fatigued by a struggle which had been violent and sturdy, I sat down upon a log, whence I enjoyed a view of both reaches, that in which we were fishing and that which we had previously left, which with the still animated freshwater American salmon at my feet, formed a very agreeable prospect for one whose eyes had long been fatigued with the sight of prairies, which, however sublime in reality, became monotonous from long habit. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the jocund and wild song of Mexican boatmen struck on my ears, and casting my eyes in an upward direction, I caught sight of a flat boat, with two masts, carrying flying topsails to catch the breeze above the trees, and pulled by eight sturdy, swarthy, and merry Mexicans, and manned by as many more. Here was an *evenement*—enemies close to us, well armed, doubtless, and eight to one. The odds were against us, but the oaks on the bank, which screened me from observation, in our favour. In two minutes I was beside Karnes; in an equally small space of time we were in the canoe; our fish carefully stowed; our guns ready, and my comrade's paddle in rapid motion, as well as a spare one, which I handled with equal activity, which, combined with the force of the current, carried us along with wonderful swiftness. It was a caution if we didn't work.

"We must make for *Las Islatas*, I conclude," cried my friend the captain, "and hide until these rascals are passed, though it's considerable agin the grain to let them pass."

"Why, what would you do?" inquired I.

"I should much like to capture 'em,—to circumvent the varmint," replied Karnes, with an awful dig of his paddle in the water, and an anxious glance behind.

"Perhaps they would like to do the same by us," replied I, laughing, and imitating his exertions; "but at all events we can take to cover, and see how things go. Perhaps some chance may turn up."

Las Islatas are a thick cluster of islands which break up the channel of the river, in this place, after the most extraordinary fashion, and creating a very labyrinth of streams, in which any person unacquainted with the locality would lose himself to a certainty, in consequence of the vast number of false channels, bays, inlets, and bights which abound throughout, and affording, at the same time, a very excellent chance of concealment to any small craft which might stand in need of the same shelter that we sought at the present moment. They are of various size, shape, and character, some being mere points jutting out of the water, others assemblages of cane, while others again are wooded and grassy knolls, pleasing to the eye, and peculiarly so to us at this juncture. Leaving the principal channel, which to knowing and experienced pilots leads by a tortuous route through *Las Islatas*, to our right we entered a small opening between two islands—or what appeared two islands—which ere two minutes had elapsed proved to be a blind bight. To go back, however, was impossible, the Mexicans having turned West Point, and any outward movement of ours would have betrayed our presence. Darting under cover of certain bushes, we drew our canoe close along the shore, landed on a green and grassy bank, grasped our rifles, loosened our powder-horns and bullet-pouches, and waited until the enemy should have passed to return up the river.

"Hang them fellows," said Karnes, energetically, "if they hadn't given us such a confounded pull up stream, I wouldn't a minded half so much. But mum, the varmint have long ears, like any other jackasses."

By crouching beneath the shelter of a live oak thicket, we could observe their motions unseen ourselves, as soon as they came within the cluster of islands; and upon the spot where we expected them to appear we kept our eyes fixed. The delay which ensued was short; a quarter of an hour or thereabouts brought the flat boat within the narrow channel, one side of which was formed by the very island on which we lay in ambush, when in came the flying topsails; the oars were shipped, the helm put hard-a-port, and the Mexicans were motionless on the banks of the *Islatas*. Karnes cautiously cocked his rifle—I did the same, my companion whispering, "If them fellows is up to mischief, I conclude to shoot him in the white poncho—you pick out another."

No motion, however, was made towards

us, the evidently secure enemy employing themselves in taking ashore such things as were necessary for camping. Karnes' eye lighted up, and his dark brown visage was illumined with pleasurable emotions as he pressed my arm, whispering me to remain where I was in silence, and without motion, while he departed on a bold and daring errand. Knowing well both his intentions and his character, I merely nodded assent, and my companion departed, leaving his rifle beside me, as well as my own, in case I should need arms. So noiseless were his motions I heard not the canoe pushed off, but I felt that I was alone, and turned my head to watch the merry, careless crew of the Mexican flat boat, which, as I heard them plainly say, had been lifted by their united strength over the ledge. Hours passed—their fire blazed cheerfully; they eat, drank, smoked, and laughed, and wondered why a second boat they were waiting to pilot through the *Isletas* did not arrive. I wondered when Karnes and something eatable would make their joint appearance. Night came on; they slept, not even placing a sentinel, and still I watched, it is true somewhat weary and hungry; but by this time I was a true Texan, and did not mind trifles. It was a lovely night; my warm poncho kept out the cold, and I took my weary watch quite easy. About seven a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I started, my friend said, from a doze, but that I deny—it was Karnes. He was not alone, for twenty stout and well armed volunteers were behind him, having been forded over to the island in his canoe, after a tiresome march down the river's bank. To carry our bark round to the main channel, to ferry over two at a time until at length the whole stood upon the opposite bank, was a few minutes' work, and was done while I devoured an Indian corn cake and a lump of venison. We then paused—gazing upon the little knot of sleepers, we listened to catch the least sound of their taking alarm;—our strength was, of course, sufficient to cope with treble the number of Mexicans, but as we desired to have no bloodshed on either side, we used the caution of serpents. Anxious to prevent a conflict, which would doubtless cost the life of friend or foe, I had informed my companions that a second prize was perhaps within hearing of our rifles, and hence, more than from any other feeling, my pugnacious comrades used discretion. A few minutes well improved sufficed to surround the camp, and to possess ourselves of the arms and accoutrements of the Mexicans, who then, rudely awoke, offered no resistance whatever to the completion of our conquest, suffering themselves to be bound two and two with the characteristic calm of men whose

Indian blood was unmixed, though they spoke a rude kind of Spanish.

There was, however, an exception to this rule in the person of the old *ranchero*, a half-bred, who owned the boat and its contents. Drawing himself up to his full height, and wrapping his gay-coloured Mexican blanket around his dark form, he exclaimed:—

"*Madre de Dios*, *hidalgos*, what are you about to do with me? Take my life if you take my goods."

"We want not your life, friend," replied Captain Karnes; "we are but a foraging party in advance of the Texan army, and being hungry, have concluded to chaw you up. But I reckon this is waste of words, let us take a slantindicular spy at the boat."

An examination was accordingly made, when the unwieldy flat was found to contain ample store of Indian corn, deer hams, and jerked beef in abundance, poultry and eggs, &c., intended for Matamoros, but which, under existing circumstances, and according to the maxim of—

"Let them take who have the power,
And let them keep who can,"

were, we felt it acutely, much more suitably bestowed upon ourselves.

"Texan thieves, robbers, pilfering vagabonds," cried the master of the boat; "do you intend to take all?"

"All," replied the imperturbable Karnes, "And think yourself mighty lucky, my good fellow," put in a tall Kentuckian volunteer, "we don't pay our debts to Santa Anna, on the body of every catwampus Mexican we spy out in the land."

The Mexican shuddered. The ferocious and cold blooded murders of the military despot who rules the destinies of Mexico were too fresh in the memory of all parties not to excite a fear in the minds of our prisoners, that the mere remembrance of these atrocities might stir up angry passions which blood alone would allay.

"Aye!" said Karnes, addressing the Mexican in a fierce tone, "be silent, and reckon your body in mighty tall case this night, that thim hams can pay ransom for it."

"Come, come, Karnes," interrupted I, beginning to fear the excitement of wild emotions in my companions, "the old gentleman has lost his freight and cargo, ship and crew, and I've known less make a naval officer crusty. You must excuse his temper."

I spoke in Spanish, and both Karnes and his prisoner laughed at my dubbing the latter a brother of the ocean, when the former added:—

"Oh, if you take him under your wing, cap'n—as a brother seaman, I walk my chulks, and am mum."

About an hour elapsed ere the second boat arrived; and this fell into our hands, by a little management, even more quietly than the former, and was found to be equally rich in eatables. The night was passed upon the spot; and next morning, landing our well-bound prisoners—thirty-two in number—we secured them two by two in long double file; on each side of which marched an armed party of ten men, severally commanded by Karnes and your humble servant. Our entrance into the camp was made amid uproarious applause, which having subsided, a party of horsemen were despatched to fetch the provender, which was welcomed with great joy and goodwill, there being not a man in our company who was not heartily tired of the rude fare which had for nearly two months been the general lot.

Three days later a courier from Corpus Christi came in with despatches from General Burleson, informing us that the expedition was given up, as sufficient volunteers had not offered themselves, and warning us that General Woll was out, scouring the frontier with a force far too great for us to cope with. Liberating our prisoners, and loading our horses with as much provisions as they could well carry, we were soon lost to the sight of the free and delighted Mexicans, who stood gazing at us from the hill on which our camp had stood, until the last straggler disappeared within the arches of a forest, through which a trail led to the sea.

THE PRESENT STATE OF SCIENCE.

[From *Topic No. 12*, a very valuable number.]

There are but few works in the world that have that claim to attention which is universally admitted to belong to the "*Kosmos*"* of the Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, the great Prussian traveller and philosopher. Every stage has the stamp of maturity, every sentence is weighty with thought. Not a paragraph but is a repertory of facts; the pregnant symbol of a long life of scientific labour. For no less than half a century, the plan of the treatise had floated in the author's mind. Continually, though a giant in original intellectual strength, and rich in mental acquisitions, he had shrunk from the self-exposed responsibility, contemplating it for a while as impossible—so vast was its theme, so comprehensive its argument. His purpose, however, had been long known, and in proportion to the difficulty of the subject, was the impatience of the scientific public to learn that the venerable sage of Berlin had overcome

his characteristic diffidence, and ventured on an undertaking, for which no other writer was equally well qualified. When, at length, the fact was announced, the intelligence was received not merely with satisfaction, but with a general sense of gratitude, which none was too proud to acknowledge. In proportion to the degree of intellectual eminence attained, was the degree of individual reverence accorded. This, indeed, is generally the case where great genius is in question; the correspondent taste to appreciate it, being only found in minds of cognate excellence, though more passive in their habits of thought and feeling. Some minds are active to create; others take easily the impression of what has been created; but a pre-existent mutual sympathy decides the nature of the objects for which the particular individual has a preference and predilection.

Knowledge is of two sorts—the knowledge of oneself, and the knowledge of other things. Both are called sciences—the latter the science of physics, the former of metaphysics. Philosophy is a term signifying not any amount of knowledge, but simply a state of being—nothing more, in fact, than an affectionate desire for wisdom. The wisdom thus predicated involves, as an antecedent unity, both kinds of knowledge; and produces them, by a progressive development, as opposite forces, the reconciliation of which is the great aim of philosophic inquiry. The scientific man generally confines himself to one of the two branches, and becomes a physician or a metaphysician, either according to the bias or inclination of his mind, or the discretion in which it may have been accidentally educated. If the former, we have the man of genius in his department; if the latter, the laborious compiler.

Baron Humboldt, with that modesty which is the usual concomitant of the highest order of ability, claims credit for being no more than an observer of facts; he is, however, a *reflecting* observer; one who is no slave to mere experience, but its interpreter. In this country, if not in his own, he would be entitled not only to the rank of a scientific man, but to that of a philosopher. Everywhere in describing the system of nature, Humboldt makes reference to transcendental ideas, and implies an acquaintance on the part of the reader with the theories to which they belong. It is this reference, however, which gives that completeness to the picture of nature which, after all, is the charm of his magnificent book.

Baron Humboldt is now seventy-seven years of age, and commenced right early his career as a scientific miner and a traveller; having already, when only twenty-

* *Kosmos*; a General Survey of the Physical Phenomena of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Baillière, Regent-street.

one, delivered himself of an essay "On the Basso of the Rhine." This was about the year 1790. He comes before us, therefore, as the exponent of the science of half a century—a period fertile beyond all precedent in discoveries in both branches of its development, physical and metaphysical.

Providence just about that period had appointed a revolution in the state of opinion, relatively to every object of thought and interest. In the church, in the state, in schools, there was "strange alteration" apparent. Everything was about to suffer "a sea-change." Billows from "the mighty waters" that are "rolling evermore," had overflowed and overwhelmed entire continents of being, of life and activity, and left traces everywhere of modifying inundation, vestiges of foreign influence. The low spirit of induction (misinterpreted, however, because but partially understood) pervaded every form of inquiry. In religion it claimed the liberty of criticism in relation to holy writ, and undertook the marshalling and correlation of distant texts of scripture in support of doctrine, without reference, or even contradiction, to the authority of the church. People began, at the same time, to investigate the laws by which they were governed, together with the constitution of the several states of which they were members. Poetry too, suddenly as it were, acquired a new character. It despised the formulæ which had long oppressed its power, and almost suppressed its vigour. In a word, the age was critical. The human intellect had learned to resent the bondage in which it was held, and the senses the obscurity to which they had been doomed.

But we must not mistake the nature of the thralldom which excited complaint, much less its origin. Though it had at first taken the shape of authority, it was at first evidence. The spiritual and moral powers of the human being had earliest development, and they who first experienced those divine impulses became, by simply announcing them, the educators of the race. The race received the announcement, recorded it as a revelation, and appointed teachers who should conserve by repetition the truths which the seers themselves had perceived in direct vision. Having done this, all seemed to be done; but all was not done. It was not enough that even such high verities should be received at second hand; to be beneficial to the individual the process of discovery must in each case be repeated, for it is the process which, by exercising, gives strength to the mind, not the indolent reception of a truth. This is, in fact, the main difference between education and instruction, and thus it too frequently happens that the instructed mind is not the educated. The latter is genera-

tive, productive; the former learned, but barren. Wise in Homer and Aristotle, it attempts no poetic effort, originates no scientific system. It acquiesces, admires, decompairs. The peasant at the plough may catch the mantle of inspiration—the professor of the university will even deny its possibility. With him, miracles have ceased and oracles are dumb. Yes! the mere repetition, without the realisation of truth, leads to this state of stagnancy. The mind of man had become a dead sea—a wide unhealthy lake—instead of a flowing river, an ocean with a living tide in perpetual movement. It was natural to confound this result of an erroneous process with the truths taught thereby. These truths, we have said, are properly the growths of the moral and spiritual powers. As such, they legitimately control the merely intellectual and sensuous processes of the mind. But when, instead of being such growths, they are imposed upon the understanding from without—when the foreign clusters are hung on branches that have long ceased to be active and vital, they themselves soon cease to be so, and serve only, by excluding the sun and air, and by propagating their own mortality, to ruin what else thereunder might germinate of itself, and rise into the higher life to which it by nature tended. Alas! such dead verities had become mischievous; they had not only substituted the living, but had left the inferior productions without the power of life in themselves or the appearance of it in foreign substitution. In struggling after this productivity, men naturally denounced what had impeded it. It is granted that, in doing so, blasphemy was uttered against the highest names; but it was because they had become only names, and the blasphemers had yet to learn that there were possible natures corresponding to them.

Meantime, while the conflict was proceeding against the dead letter, elsewhere perceptions were being gained of the living spirit. If, on the one hand, an analytic science was dissolving and decomposing society itself into its elements, on the other, a synthetic philosophy was constructing; one which demonstrated, at any rate, that a system of spirit was as possible as a system of nature. In the latter, intellect achieved its emancipation; as a sign of that, if not in itself, it was valuable. Occupied in the pursuit of phenomena, and the general laws by which they are governed, it is of course subject to perpetual alterations. The former has simply to reproduce the eternal ideas with which it is necessarily conversant; not, however, as truths received on the dicta of the schools, but as re-creations of a living faculty, capable of self-contemplation.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER XII.—THE MOOR'S DWELLING.

The old man, Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, occupied a secret underground apartment, which was only known to his son and to himself, and was in the most secluded part of his domain. Near him was seated a noble-looking man, whose grey hair and furrowed cheeks gave evident tokens of his advanced age, whilst the silent tears with which his cheeks were moistened betrayed the grief that overwhelmed him.

"My friend and guest," said Alberique, taking him by the hand, "can I say nothing calculated to assuage your grief, and to inspire hopes for the future. Your nephew will shortly be with you, and you can then consult together as to the best means of forwarding a full justification of your conduct to your sovereign. It is but right that for once in his life the Spanish king should have the truth told him. I fear that will not be the case. Well, if it be only possible, through a miracle, sooner or later it will be brought about. Have patience; what would have become of us if we had been found deficient in that quality—we who are in daily expectation of our deliverance? Away with despondency! remain here with me."

"To shelter a proscribed person will render you and your whole household amenable to the proscription. Your property, if not your life, will be in jeopardy."

"No matter; happen what may, we are willing henceforth to share in common with you your troubles, dangers, and enmities. Your enemies thought to leave you without an asylum—I have provided one; they have confiscated your property—mine is at the service of the old friend who in former times, in El Epujarras, saved my life when a defenceless prisoner in the hands of Don John of Austria. I know little of my son Yesid if he do not say, 'Take all my goods; you are quite welcome to them, for to you I am indebted for the preservation of the life of my father.'"

"Thanks!" exclaimed the old soldier, endeavouring to conceal his emotion; "but my daughter Carmen—what will become of her?"

"She shall be our adopted child. I will undertake to procure an advantageous match for her, and to furnish the marriage portion."

"Will you restore to her the reputation of which her father has been deprived?"

"You will not be deprived of your good

name; your innocence will be acknowledged; your sword restored to you; and, moreover, you will be rewarded according to your merits. We will plead your cause. There are judges at Madrid."

"They will be inexorable."

"We will manage to soften their hearts."

"They are all bribed."

"Very well; then we will bid higher than any other person, than even the Duke de Lerma himself."

"That is not my wish."

"What then?"

"To see my nephew Fernando, and to speak to him."

"Listen, listen!" exclaimed the old man; "do you hear overhead a horse gallop? I distinguish the sound of Kaled neighing; Yesid and Fernando have arrived. Keep up your spirits."

The door opened, and Yesid made his appearance alone. He had in less than two days travelled the sixty leagues which Valencia is distant from Madrid, and he related all that had happened in the latter city to the two old men. He concealed from them, however, his latest intelligence, that Fernando d'Albayda was rendered incapable of again entering into the public service, and condemned to an imprisonment in Valladolid, the termination of which it was impossible to predict, for having failed to show sufficient respect to the king in council; for having defended, and perhaps shared, the opinions of a nobleman pronounced to be a traitor to his king and country; and for other reasons not mentioned by the Duke de Lerma and the grand inquisitor, but which will readily occur to us. The latter news would have given the death-blow to Don John d'Aguilar, and Yesid satisfied himself by saying only that his nephew was under close *surveillance* for having, when armed, wished to maintain the honour of his house against all, even the son of the prime minister.

"He will soon," added Yesid, "be free; he will come to you. Meantime, what do you require at his hands, or rather from me? for I represent him, if you will allow me to say so."

D'Aguilar smiled benignantly on the young man, and old Alberique, who fully comprehended him, said,

"I told you Yesid would not fail to be in your good graces. Speak; we are listening."

D'Aguilar gave a narrative of the events that had taken place from the time Tyrone, chief of the insurgents, joined him with only four thousand men. With this weak force, added to the six thousand Spaniards under his command, he had the courage to attack, near Baltimore, thirty thousand English, commanded by the lord lieutenant of

Ireland. The Spanish troops, fighting with their wonted valour, had long maintained the unequal struggle, and rendered doubtful the issue of the contest, but Tyrone and the Irish having abandoned him in the most cowardly manner, he was compelled to retreat, rallying his troops, however, and manœuvring to prevent his being surrounded. He succeeded in entrenching himself in Kinsale and Baltimore, two towns of which he had previously taken possession. Instead of coming to his aid, the Irish, panic-struck, were eager to send in their submission, to escape the vengeance of Elizabeth, without troubling themselves about the situation of the allies who came to their assistance. Thenceforward there was no object to be gained by the expedition, but d'Aguilar wished at least to insure for the service of his king an army whose chances of safety appeared desperate to everybody; attacked by land by the viceroy and his whole army, blockaded at sea by the English fleet, the Spanish general had sent to inform Lord Montjoy that he would bury himself, with his army, in the ruins of Kinsale and Baltimore, and that if that army was lost to Spain, these two towns would be equally lost to England. Lord Montjoy, who was both brave and generous, answered this bold message by offering to accede to such terms of capitulation as d'Aguilar might dictate and which he required, that the honours of war be granted to his army; that English transports be furnished to convey the troops to Spain, with all their artillery and stores; moreover, not wishing to expose the allies who had betrayed and abandoned him to the rage of the victorious army, he stipulated for an amnesty for the inhabitants of Kinsale and Baltimore.

Everything he had stipulated for was granted. "And," exclaimed the old man, with indignation, "it acts like these that they wish to torture into acts of cowardice and treason: they have caused garbled accounts, which misrepresent the whole of these proceedings, to be circulated. I am accused of having entered into a treaty with heretics, with people who are excommunicated, and they will not listen to my defence until I first surrender myself a prisoner to the Inquisition; and how can I make myself heard from its dungeons? They will take care to suppress my defence, and to publish pretended confessions, as coming from me, the falsehood of which my absence will prevent me from being able to proclaim. I have written a narrative of these occurrences, here it is. It must be read not by the Duke de Lerma, but by the king—the king himself. This is the service I looked forward to my nephew to render me, whose age gives him

the privilege of entrée to the council chamber. None other dare, under the present circumstances, to make an attempt which would be the certain means of subjecting him to the enmity of the Duke de Lerma, and the disgrace which would be sure to follow in its train; and no one now in Spain," added the old man, with much emotion, "has courage to do this, not even the Marquis de Miranda, our relation, though he is president of the council of Castile."

"Undoubtedly," replied Yesid, who had listened attentively to him, "there are still to be found in Spain daring spirits who will run all hazards to serve a friend, but they must not be looked for at court."

"That is precisely my opinion," said d'Aguilar, with bitterness.

"Those I allude to cannot approach the king," continued Yesid; "but it is possible by other means to cause your memorial to reach him. Entrust it to me, and within a fortnight, probably, it will be placed in his hands by one whom nobody would suspect, and who would have nothing to fear from the Duke de Lerma; meantime remain concealed in your present hiding-place, where you are sure not to be discovered, and rely on me."

Without any further explanation of his design, the entire risk of which he was willing to encounter, Yesid wished to leave instantly, and to proceed on his journey in the middle of the night; with difficulty he was persuaded to postpone it till day-break. The interval he employed in questioning d'Aguilar as to the details of the Irish expedition, especially all that related to Lord Montjoy, with whom Yesid had formerly become acquainted at Cadix, when a secret commercial treaty of much importance had been negotiated between Queen Elizabeth and the Moors of Valencia. He again reiterated his exhortations to d'Aguilar to keep up his spirits, promised speedily to return, and tore himself from the embraces of his parent, and from the affectionate marks of solicitude shown by his faithful servants, dejected at again parting with their young master.

Meantime at court, and in the principal Spanish towns, nothing was to be heard of but balls, fetes, and rejoicings, on the occasion of the arrival and approaching marriage of the young queen. Margaret of Austria, the youngest of the Archduke Charles III's daughters, could not be pronounced beautiful, but her manners were graceful, frank, and free from all etiquette, and coming to reign over a people where tyranny, ceremony, and dissimulation were considered essentially necessary in the conduct of affairs, no queen appeared more unsuited to the Spanish nation. Taught, as is the case with most of the German

princesses, to attend to their domestic duties, with little restraint, and easily accessible to their dependants, Margaret had brought from her country those exalted notions which, at a later period, Werther and Margaret de Faust were destined to cause to become so exceedingly in vogue. Her lively imagination was tinged slightly with melancholy, which, however, did not exclude a mild gaiety of manner, and her character was not easily understood in the new country of her adoption. Her features also formed a contrast no less remarkable with those of the natives, for her blue eyes were as different from the dark eyes of the Andalusians, as were the quiet dreamy movements of the German, when compared with the noisy and animated motions of the castinet dance of the country. The same flotilla that had taken her to Genoa had brought her thence to Valencia, where the king was proceeding to celebrate his nuptials, and where the court had previously assembled. Margaret was not much delighted with Valencia, the beautiful, which, with its narrow, winding, and impenetrable streets, appeared to her to have been completely misnamed. She had made her entrance by the public walk, the Alameda, had been received at the palace of the viceroy, where all the ladies of her household had been presented to her, and where Don John Ribeira, archbishop of Valencia, and patriarch of Antioch, had harangued and given her his blessing. Margaret took but little interest in these proceedings, and that which most added to her anxieties was, that among all the great ladies of the court who had come to do her homage, and among whom she was about to pass her life, there was not one to whom she felt favourably disposed, or inclined to give her confidence; none whom she dared to question upon the many subjects about which she was anxious for information. The following day she was to marry a king, of whom she had no knowledge, except that derived from a sight of his portrait; she had been informed only that for some time past Philip loved her, and made choice of her for his spouse; that even in the lifetime of the late king, the marriage was a matter settled and agreed upon; and in Germany they attached great value and paid much respect to the notions formed of each other by the betrothed parties, to that engagement which is thus said to be made in heaven previous to its realisation on earth. "I am already his," she thought; "I am his affianced bride—the lady of his choice:" and this thought alone was sufficient to fill her heart, if not with love, at least with gratitude towards her royal lover. She would have given the world to know the nature of his character, his tastes, his ideas, and his habits; but to

whom could she apply for the information? She sought, in a court composed of persons who were entire strangers to her; whom, moreover, being queen, the natural supposition that occurred was, that every one would either be disinclined, or afraid to speak frankly or truly to her. The ladies of the bedchamber had long since retired to rest, but Margaret neither did nor could she sleep. She opened a glass door which led to the spacious gardens of the palace. It was a beautiful night; balmy and refreshing breezes cooled the atmosphere; nothing was to be seen but lofty umbrageous trees in all directions, and the most profound silence prevailed. Margaret ventured at first only a few paces in the path of one of the groves, then, becoming bolder, she continued her walk till she lost her way among the deep recesses of the grove; presently she fancied she heard female voices proceed from an arbour in the grounds, and was about to retire, when her name, and that of the king, struck her ear; her curiosity was so powerfully excited that she concealed herself behind the branches of some lemon trees and listened; the voices were those of two ladies of the court who were in conversation together.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,

OR,

THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY,

(Concluded from page 375.)

There was an olden time,—alas!
That e'er those olden times should pass!
Why will not envious fate allow
That olden times be holden now!—
There was a time when England's men
Were not foes to England's oaks;
Axe and bill and pickaxe then
Wearied not echo with ceaseless strokes.
Oh! those Druids were fine old sies,
With their brows in oak-sprigs bound;
They saved our forests from cuts and fires,
From bricks and lime they saved our ground.
They raised their altars amid the trees;
They lived themselves in the oaken hollows;
And in their long beards built the bees,
And 'neath their reverend chins the swallows.
"Oh, and then," said the little old man,
"I remember, in wild green coverts,
Of the merriest Sherwood's groves,
Robin Hood and all his clan.
A cave in the rock he made his cell,
And not a fairy in bosque or dell
But loved the merry bold outlaw well.
He loved the dells and he loved the groves,
And he loved the cells and he loved the coves,
And he loved the sward and he loved the trees,
And he loved to wander about at ease.
He loved the noon in the broad green shade,
And he loved the moon in the open glade,
And he loved the bower and mossy seat
Where the fays would make retreat;
Whose grassy rings he loved to trace,
For he loved the whole of the fairy race.

But his spirit will fume and fret
Where the houses of men were set:
It made his heart all weary, sick,
To see their walls of stone and brick,
The thick black smoke of their abodes,
Their paved streets and dusty roads.
Robin Hood hath long departed;
But if he could wake and see
How much bricks and mortars be
Where he used to wander free
'Mongst his oaken shadows, he
Would o'my wot be broken-hearted.

"In those days broad hill and plain
Teemed with oaks in green array;
Sorriest remnants now remain;
And the few will pass away,
By the axe and by decay,
Swift as lights and shadows play
Over the ground on a windy day;
So that one will not be found,
In the limits of English ground,
Where with foreheads may be bound
On the twenty-ninth of May.

"Ay, the days of the oaks are over,—
Of England's broad, green, monarch oaks!
And the ground that nourished these
Has chimneys now where then were trees;
And beneath them, where the rover
Fond repose on moss and clover,
Now is nought but coals and cokes."

Here the little man paused and sighed—
"Hold, my little good man," I cried;
Coals and cokes indeed may be
Not the incentives that produce
Most delight to you or me;
But to lavish this abuse
Can to no end conduce;
Nuisances may have their use.

It we do not like to eye them,
We have nought to do but fly them;
Wherefore with this talk a truce.
My taste quite with your's agrees
In its preference for green trees;
But we have our woodlands still,
And can wander, at our will,
Flowery vale and mossy hill,
Witness here how many a tree
Yet remains to you and me
In these shadowy bowers of Leigh."

"Heigh ho?" said my little old friend,
"All alack and woe is me!

Out alas! and gloom and sorrow!
All this shade shall have its end,
There's its date to every tree,
Here to-day and gone to-morrow.
Hear you not all tongues enlarge
On one bold wight who hath ta'en in charge
To hang a great suspension bridge,
Over the rocks from ridge to ridge?
He, like a cunning craftsman showed
A method to abridge the road,
Which would not need the moon at night,
Because the links would make it tight."
"Oh well," I said, "but then they had
A proper reason for their pains;
The road before was found so bad
It was condemned to hang in chains.
It shows the love the honest folk
Must yet retain for rock and oak,
Since those who live the other side
Will go to such a vast expense,
To make these woods, their boast and pride,
The more accessible from thence."

Again the little old man he sighed,
And grinned a sorrowing sneering grin,
So that all the seams were doubled,
Wherewith erst his face was troubled;
And a wen upon his nose
Like an oakapple arose,
Which the while was all a-tremble,
So that he could not dissemble

What contempt was in his mind,
To hear a cause of such a kind
With this simplicity assigned.
He told me bridges were not made
That solitary men should see
Into loneliness and shade;
But for purposes of trade:
Serving merchants in their need,
So that goods should be conveyed
With economy and speed.
And what waggons, carts, and gigs,
Horses, donkeys, mules and drays,
Irish cows and Irish pigs,
And Irish drovers dash their wigs,
Above the masts of boats and brigs,
Should come to town by nearer ways;
No poetic troops to be
Hurrying through the woods of Leigh.

Then because he was a sprite
With the power of second sight,
He could look on houses, where,
To my less potential vision,
Cragg and hollow seemed to bear
Only grass and copses fair;
And described, with much precision,
Streets and terraces and rows
Barbarously usurping those
Lovely walks where I had strayed
Many a time in mossy shade.
"Oh," thought I, "that woods like these
Should be without their ferns and cragies;
Lack a daisy! lacking trees,
Lack a daisy! lacking daisies

Yet by picturing matters to him
In a cheerlier light than he,
Somewhat from his woe I drew him:
And I soon was pleased to see
His eye twinkling, his lips wrinkling,
Which expressed a sort of inkling
Yet of better times to be.

At this moment 'mid the copse
We heard a rustling and a bustling,
And observed the nut-tree tops
More, as though by some one jostling
Through the brake under, and were in wonder,
Who could have found our quiet nook.
Or had lost themselves in the wood by blunder
And so were breaking the boughs asunder,
Or came with hook for nuts to look,
Or to sit in the shade with a poet's book.
But the little old woodman gave a groan
Sadder than any I ever had known,
As, through a saw in the bush, we saw
Two or three men advancing near:
And the first of the band had a rule in his hand,
And the others they followed with line and rod,—
Not to fish, but measure the sod;
And I quickly knew, by his word of command,
That he was an engineer.
He came there measuring rock and ridge,
To see if he could not find a spot
Fitter to build a suspension bridge
Than where Brunel had made his plot.
I looked at him for a moment's space
And saw arithmetic in his face;
His soul was full of calculations
About the heights and about foundations;
And not a single thought had place
Of the moss and hart's-tongue fern;
Of the oaks and yews and birches;
Stead of trees he could discern
Nothing but rods and poles and perches,
The lime-stone rock, with roots in woven,
Gave no thought but the lime-kiln oven;
The clink of hammers filled his musing
In every note the birds would utter;
And when the clear fresh drops were oozing
Reminded him of the needful gutter.
So I looked once more against the rock
To see how the little man bore the shock;
But upon the self same spot
Where the little old man of the wood
Just a moment erst had stood,
Now the little old man was not.

He was raised by a spell of verse,
 As I sat in the green-boughed lair;
 But a hostile magic worse
 In the measurer's rod and square,
 Spite of book, in a moment's space
 Made him vanish from the place.
 And where he stood, against the rock,
 I only saw a wrinkled branch,
 Noded, knobbed, knurr'd and knagged.
 Gnarled, knarred, knuckled, knurled,
 Rough and ragged, rude and ragged,
 Crinkled, crook'd, contorted, curled,
 Twisted, turned, twined, twirled,
 Seely, scabrous, screw'd and scragged,
 Crabbed, crusty, cloven, cragg'd,
 At its time which had been staunch.

THE RED HAND. A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

BOOK III.—THE EVE OF ST. MICHAEL. CONCLUSION.

It was some days after the events which occurred at the café Pic-a-Pic. O'Reilly and Pedro were seated at a table, conversing. The former was gay and lively—a hope consistent with his brutal character was animating him; while the latter was pale, anxious, and livid.

"That Marcella Zanetto is slow in coming," said the governor; "she pays little obedience to the wishes of her lord and ruler."

There was a pause of a moment, and then Luke Salem entered.

"A lady to see your lordship."

"Let her enter."

Marcella Zanetto, the lovely dancer who has turned the heads of half New Orleans, entered. One glance at her innocent face showed the falsity of Leone de Chazal's boasting.

"I would speak a word with Don Pedro," said the girl, with downcast eye.

"I am here."

"I bear a letter and a packet for you, my lord," with which words she handed him the documents.

"And now, fair damsel, a word for me, your humble admirer," said the governor.

"Not one!" thundered Don Pedro; "behold, licentious noble, my daughter!" and with a glare like that of a wounded tiger, the Spaniard drew his sword, and placed himself before his child. A letter from the Monk had informed him of the poor notary's emigration to Louisiana, of his death, of the gay but virtuous career of his daughter, and with this letter was a packet, and on it these words:—

"*Palabras Milagrosas!*"

In half an hour Don Pedro and his daughter occupied separate cells in the governor's palace.

* * * * *

Two hours after the above occurrence

a messenger entered the chamber of the governor.

"My lord, the people rise in insurrection; in every quarter of the town armed bodies of men parade about, while it is said that the Red Hand with a thousand warriors have secretly entered."

"What day is this?"

"The eve of St. Michael, my lord."

"Ah! say you so. Then to arms, for that accursed monk warned me it was the last night of my power."

"I go, my lord."

"Stay, what have you done with those two women?"

"The Visconti, my lord, is guarded carefully in the ladies' apartments of the palace, while Maria Sa attends her as a friend."

"It is well. When these rebels are put down, it will be time to think of gentler passions."

A second messenger entered.

"My lord, the palace is surrounded; every avenue is guarded; not a man can leave. All communication with the guard-house and the barracks is cut off."

"Send hither my body-guard."

"They are disarmed and prisoners, their new chief Luke Salem has joined the insurgents."

"Caramba!" cried the discomfited soldier of fortune, "is not escape left?"

"No," said the deep and unnatural tones of the Monk's voice, "escape is not left. You are a prisoner, and Louisiana is once more free."

O'Reilly, furious at the Monk's words, and seeing that he was alone, drew his brave Toledo blade, that had often done him good service in other wars, and aiming a violent blow at the priest, struck him full on the breast.

A clangour of steel against steel was the only result. Ere the governor recovered himself from his astonishment, the Red Hand, followed by a select band of his grim warriors, entered, and guarded every avenue, and O'Reilly, seeing that resistance was useless, gave up the struggle, and handed his sword to the victor.

The monk turned and whispered a few words to Luke Salem, who stood behind him.

"My lord governor," he then said, "you have most foully misgoverned and misruled this free province of Louisiana. The people have risen against your tyranny and that of Spain. We disown and deny your authority. To us France is alone a mistress; we own and recognise no other. Your crimes have deserved death."

"What crimes?"

"Your conduct towards these women," replied the Monk, as Marcella Zanetto, Maria Sa, and the Visconti entered, under the charge of Luke Salem, followed by Don

Pedro, "merits a punishment most condign. But in consideration of your position and authority, and in consideration that all your foul crimes have fallen to the ground, you are allowed to depart freely whence you came. A ship awaits you in the harbour. Whoever will accompany you is also free to go; Don Pedro—"

"I stay, Sir Monk. This is now my home."

"Th: well. You, Leone de Chazal," continued the Monk severely to the young noble, who, heavily guarded, now also entered, "are also free to accompany your friend."

"Nay, Sir Monk," said Leone, gaily, glancing at Marietta, and then his eye resting upon Marcella Zanetto, "there is a young lady yonder to whom I owe some reparation for past follies, and it will grieve me much if my sins are not forgiven me."

"Thank God!" said the Monk fervently, while the young girl held down her head and blushed. Don Pedro stroked his moustaches, as if he had not quite made up his mind.

There was a moment of deep silence.

"My friends," said the monk at length, "Louisiana is free, the council of state awaits my presence. Before, however, I attend them, there are one or two things to be done, which I would fain perform. I would that on this glorious day not one heart should murmur of regret. Let me see all near me happy."

Marietta glanced faintly around. She alone seemed incapable of consolation.

"Red Hand, my friend," said the Monk, taking the warrior by the hand, and leading him beside Maria Sa, "as you will not speak for yourself, I must. Young girl: your virtuous and modest career, under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances, deserve a much greater reward than I can give you. Here, however, is one; a great chief, who is willing to forsake his tribe, to become a citizen of New Orleans, to habit towns—where, indeed, he received his education—for your sake. Say, will you take as your husband, Antonio Miramata, commonly called the Red Hand?"

The beautiful Creole bowed her head and said, "I will."

The Monk, whose cowl more than ever concealed his face, looked complacently on the scene.

Leone de Chazal, who, under the charge of the Monk, had been brought to a sense of his follies, had glided beside the pretty Zanetto, and was busily engaged in making his excuses to a willing ear, for the ear of love is always willing, even to be deceived.

The Red Hand also had withdrawn from the group around the Monk, and was explaining how diffidence of his own merits had alone prevented his long since declar-

ing his affection. The young Comanche, though with many Indian characteristics, had, as a boy, always dwelt in the habitations of the whites, and his tastes easily reconciled him to permanent occupation with them. Maria Sa, whose happiness had come upon her most suddenly, listened to his words with breathless delight—the delight of a woman who discovers that her love had not been given unreturned.

The governor gazed with scowling eye upon the scene, while Don Pedro was thoughtful. He was thinking of the poor notary.

"Marietta Visconti," said the Monk, "you are betrothed, I believe, to Maximilian de Chazal; shall this auspicious day be crowned by your union with him?"

"Sir Monk, I will never marry one who has forgot his country in vain pleasures."

"A deputation from the council of state," said Luke Salem, ushering in a venerable body of nobles and citizens.

"Most worthy and noble Monk," said their spokesman, "we could not tarry bringing you our thanks for the glorious way in which you have freed our country. We owe everything to you. It is your intelligence, your activity, your comprehensive views, which have carried out this enterprise to maturity. As a proof of our deep gratitude, as no priest can take office, we leave to you the nomination of the governor-general and commander-in-chief of the forces of the province of Louisiana, under the approval of our most gracious king of France."

"My lords and citizens, I thank you; and if it be I who has caused all you say, I accept the offer, and at once appoint, as governor of Louisiana, in the name of God, and as lieutenant for the king—"

A general movement of deep attention took place among the nobles and officers.

"Maximilian de Chazal, the saviour of his country."

A deep murmur of regret, nearly of indignation, followed.

"If, my lords, you do not in five minutes sanction the appointment, Maximilian de Chazal resigns it into your hands."

The cowl of the Monk fell back, his robe dropped at his feet, and, in the splendid dress he usually wore, the young, the gay Maximilian de Chazal stood confessed the Monk!

"My lords," he said to the astonished, bewildered, and delighted deputation, "as Maximilian de Chazal I could do nothing. I conceived, therefore, the idea of this disguise. The better to conceal myself, I suffered my other self to remain under reproaches I was not conscious of deserving. Assiduity and my wealth did the rest. I found devoted friends, my money procured hundreds of spies and agents. I worked

night and day. The noble Red Hand was my principal friend; to him, you will learn how much I owe anon."

"Noble Maximilian," said the president, "you bewilder and delight us at the same time. Receive at once our confirmation of the appointment. Hail, our noble governor."

Loud cries succeeded.

"And Marietta," said the Monk.

The Visconti had retreated to a corner of the room, where, proud, happy, and delighted, she gave vent to her joy in a copious flood of tears.

In half an hour more, the Spanish governor, amid groans of universal execration, went on board, and sailed in his own frigate for Spain.

Next day there were three weddings in New Orleans, and the people felt the pleasure of being ruled by their fellow-countrymen.

Great was the happiness of Maximilian and Marietta, who was so well pleased with her own priest that from that day she had no other.

The Red Hand and Maria Sa dwelt in happiness also, while Marcella Zanetto and Leone, though less happy than the others, had no reason to complain of the dispensations of fortune.

THE END.

New Music.

Spanish Songs—*Canciones Espanolas.*

[Part I. Chappell, Bond-street.]

[Part II. Peck, Newgate-st.]

We have had much gratification in listening to these Spanish songs, six in each part, from Peru and Chili, collected by our old friend Guillermo de la Perdiz. The pianoforte accompaniments to Part I are by Henry Smart; those of Part II by W. T. Wood. The following are the titles in Spanish and English:

PART I.

1. Tus ojos incitan—"Those eyes turn on me, love."
2. Tristes recuerdos—"O pensive memory's train."
3. A la Guerra—"Trumpets sounding."
4. Habiendo en bosque—"When first dear maid."
5. No, no, quiero casarme—"No, no, I never will marry."
6. Amor me dulce dueno—"O come, sweet sleep."

PART II.

1. El Tiempo fue—"It was a dream."
2. Quando nos casaremos?"—"When shall we be married?" (a Chilian Zapateo dance).
3. No me alicas—"The memory of departed joys."
4. La Perdiz Madre—"Friar Partridge" (a Peruvian Zapateo dance).
5. La pastor cita—"The Shepherdess."
6. Ay: maria que noche—"O what moments!"

It is difficult to choose where everything is excellent, but, if we were called on to name those songs in these collections which appear to us particularly pleasing, we should

give No. 3, Part I, "A la Guerra," a war-song of great fire and energy, well adapted to produce a considerable effect either in the concert or the drawing-room. Such are the strains that touch the warrior's heart. As a contrast to this, No. 4, "Love's Lament," a plaintive melody in A minor, very rare in Spanish music. The simplicity of this air is not its least recommendation; it is the simplicity and pathos of genuine grief.

Part II is our favourite. Although there is no war-song, yet the variety is no less great than in Part I; and here we are introduced to the comic muse, greatly to our entertainment. "When shall we be married?" is a very favourite dance-song in Chili, and greatly to our taste. It is in two movements; the first slow and plaintive, and likely to be very effective if given with the proper feeling; the second as great a contrast as possible, enlivening and care dispelling: this movement is not so difficult to give effect to, only requiring a ringing voice and a light heart to make it extremely exciting. No. 4, "Friar Partridge," is another dance-song, but belonging to Peru; it is also in the comic vein, and is sure to become a general favourite. The last of this collection, the "Ay Maria!" is truly Spanish in the sentiment of the poetry and in the rendering by the music, that it almost brings before us the sprightly, warm, and tender-hearted *Majo* of Andalusia, tinkling his guitar in the perfumed groves of orange and myrtle, beneath the casement of his "Maria del Alma."

As a specimens of the translations we present our readers with the following:—

(FROM PART I.)

Trumpets sounding! war steeds bounding,
Warriors grasp the spear and shield;
Banner waving, danger braving,
On they rush to battle field.
Our warriors have departed
In long and gallant row;
Strong of arm and iron-hearted,
To triumph o'er the foe.
Armour clashing, swords are flashing,
Dealing death at every blow;
Scatter'd, flying—dead and dying—
Mark the foe's overthrow!
The tyrant's pride confounding,
They triumph and are free,
Hark! the trumpets clang resounding—
They've won the victory.

Martial story, embalsms in glory
The hero's honour'd name,
Their sons inspiring, with valour firing,
To emulate their fame.
Each manly arm impelling
To triumph and be free,
Each generous breast high swelling
For fame—for liberty.

(FROM PART II.)

The memory of departed joys,
Afflicts e'en now my troubled heart;
With ceaseless pang I still recall
The days, the hours, I've seen depart.

Since cruel fate relentless prov'd,
I seem condemn'd to with'ring pain,
And vainly seek the strength to find
My fainting spirit to sustain.

Dear image of thy noble sire!
Oft as I strive to smile on thee,
Thy father's look, his voice, my boy,
Calls forth the tears, not smiles from me.
But worth on high he dwells in peace,
In the bright mansions of the blest,
There would I hope with him to live
In love and joy's eternal rest.

Oh, why must I so often feel
The struggle 'twixt these hopes and fears.
That ne'er again on this cold earth
My eyes can cease from bitter tears.
Rob'd in the lovely hues of spring,
Fond mem'ry brings me all the past;
The present gloom, the lonely lot,
All, all, remain, while life shall last.

The Gatherer.

One day the Pacha of Aleppo strolling alone, and incognito, through the bazaars of Antioch, noticed a furrier who seemed in deep melancholy, and whose whole stock in trade consisted of a great quantity of fox tails. "What is the cause of your sadness?" said the pacha to the merchant. "Alas, my master," replied the man, "your servant has been cruelly deceived by an Armenian merchant who sold me these fox tails very dear, assuring me that I should make a good profit by them. And now they have been on my hands for three months, I have not sold one, and I am a ruined man." "By the beard of the sultan," responded the pacha, "I will put you in a way to sell them all at a high rate, if you will do what I command you. You shall not part with a single tail for less than 300 piastres, and, Inshallah, in a few days you shall not have one left." The next day the pacha sent orders to the corporation of Armenian merchants, requesting them to appear before him forthwith, and commanding them at the same time, under the severest penalties, that, as a token of ignominy due to their knavish commercial dealings, they should, every man of them, wear a fox tail stitched to their hinder parts. The furrier's shop was speedily thronged with customers, to whom he disposed of all his tails at a very handsome profit, and he had the satisfaction of squeezing an exorbitant sum out of the Armenian who had tricked him.—*Library of Travel.*

Charles I and the Middle Class.—The situation of Charles was one of peculiar difficulty: a middle class had lately been called into existence, of which neither that monarch, nor the advisers he admitted to his councils, appear to have been aware. They entertained no notion that public opinion could be current in the nation. The novelty of their position added to its difficulty. They were ignorant of the causes

and effects of the reformation, and knew not that a sentiment hitherto unknown had entered in the minds of the people, and that civilisation was advancing. The monarch's absolute power could not, therefore, but bring on a collision with the feeling that had spread through the upper and part of the middle classes. Men of talent were to be found, capable and willing to give an opinion on any political subject likely to be adopted by the greater part of the well-informed community. The ideas thus disseminated resemble, in some measure, our notions of public opinion. Charles, on the other hand, was inclined to uphold the prerogative. He even deemed it his duty not to give his consent to any concession, and felt unwilling to be deprived of that absolute power which was enjoyed by his ancestors, and which he deemed to be his birthright. In those days, even, it must have been apparent that such an uncontrolled power in the crown could not be compatible with whatever extent of civilisation and public opinion might exist: hence arose those unhappy differences, followed by a civil war, and terminating in the destruction of the unfortunate monarch.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Margate Pier and Jetty, from the Fort.—An original drawing on stone, by T. R. King, of Church Row, Islington. We have spoken occasionally in high terms of certain paintings from this gentleman's gallery. We have highly commended his novel and agreeable invention of Persian painting. We have now, however, before us a lithograph of a very high order of merit. It is executed with vigour and energy. The spectator is supposed to stand upon the fort, and thence to look upon the pier, the jetty, the busy scene of activity, the ships, boats, and steamers below. It is the best representation of the kind we remember to have seen for a long time. The water, agitated by a steady breeze, the throng of pleasure-seekers, the bustling steamers, are all so natural as to call for very great praise. Both on the spot, and generally throughout England, this lithograph must command an extensive demand. No one should visit Margate without purchasing it, as a striking memento of the locality.

Every rook requires at least one pound of food a week, and nine-tenths of their food consists of worms and insects. One hundred rooks, then, in one season, destroy 4,780 pounds of worms, insects, and larvae. From this fact some idea may be formed of the value of this much persecuted bird to the farmer.

Discoveries at Nineveh.—We have most gratifying accounts of the rich discoveries of Mr. Layard, at Nemrood, near the site of ancient Nineveh. He has cut the French

completely out, and fallen upon treasures of which the most sanguine imagination never dreamt. Among other things, we hear of winged lions, twelve feet high, which, though buried for thousands of years under the sand, now come forth as if they had just left the hand of an accomplished sculptor, with a delicacy of finish which speaks highly of the advancement in the arts of the old Assyrians.

Canning.—One of the best features of Canning's character was his love for his mother. She had been an actress; had humble relations; and was humbly remarried twice, equivocally once. Canning never forsook her throughout his life; mixed kindly with her relations for her sake; visited her frequently; and wrote to her every week, as regularly as the day came round, till she died, which was but a little before himself.

Dogs perspire by the tongue, and the surest way to drive a dog mad is to muzzle it, and prevent its opening its mouth, or lapping water. As to the weather, it is a vulgar error to suppose that heat, under all circumstances, will bring on canine madness. If the animal is free, and has access to water, it will not do so; but if the muzzle is used the animal will be driven mad.

Pill Boxes and Lucifer Matches.—In the committee on the Oldham District Railway bill on Wednesday, Mr. Nightingale, a manufacturer of lucifer matches and pill boxes, at Newton Heath, stated that he uses 600 tons of timber, and that he employs 300 persons, on an average, throughout the year; and he exports to all parts of Europe, North America, and Australia, besides sending large quantities to every part of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Sailor Bees.—A most remarkable circumstance occurred on board the Lindsay steamer, on her passage from Hull to Gainsborough, on Friday week. When she reached opposite Gunthorpe, a large swarm of bees settled on her, taking up their position near the chimney, where they remained as passengers till she reached her destination; they were then conveyed to Captain Johnson's garden, Little Church-lane, and may now be seen gathering honey "from every opening flower."

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom, which pollutes and embitters what we relished at first.

The Tiara of the Pope.—The triple crown which is now used at the coronation of His Holiness, is the same that Napoleon presented to Pius VII; there is also another which was given by Pope Gregory XVI. The tiaras and mitres are kept at Fort St. Angelo, where they are

taken back after the ceremony. The tiara given by Napoleon is of white velvet; the three crowns are of sapphires, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and diamonds; on the top is a large emerald surmounted by a diamond cross. This tiara is estimated at 80,000 Roman crowns (about £17,000.)

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EDITED BY

PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE MIRROR, in accordance with the wishes of a large majority of the subscribers, intend commencing their new volume under a new form. The MIRROR will cease to appear as a weekly sheet, but will be published on the first of the month with the other Magazines. The matter will, in future, be wholly original, and will be supplied by some of the most popular periodical writers of the day. In accordance with this arrangement, the proprietors beg to announce, that

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